

The Tragedie of Hamlet

For women feare too much, euen as they loue,
And womens feare and loue hold quantity,
Either none, in neither ought, or in extremity,
Now what my Lord is prooffe hath made you know,
And as my loue is ciz't, my feare is so,
Where loue is great, the littlest doubts are feare,
Where little feares grow great, great loue grows there

King. Faith I must leaue thee loue, and shortly to,
My operant powers their functions leaue to doe,
And thou shalt liue in this faire world behind,
Honord, belou'd, and haply one as kind,
For husband shalt thou.

Quee. O confound the rest.

Such loue must needs be treason in my brest,
In second husband let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kild the first,
The instances that second marriage moue
Are base respects of thrift, but none of loue,
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

King. I do beleuee you think what now you speak,
But what we doe determine, oft we breake,
Purpose is but the slaue to memory,
Of violent birth, but poore validity,
Which now the fruit vnripe sticks on the tree,
But fall vnshaken when they mellow be.
Most necessary tis that we forget
To pay our selues what to our selues is debt,
What to our selues in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose loie,
The violence of either griefe or ioy,
Their owne ennaetures with themselues destroy,
Where ioy most reuels, griefe doth most lament,
Griefe ioy, ioy griefes, on slender accedent,
This world is not for aye, nor tis not strange,
That euen our loues should with our fortunes change,
For tis a question left vs yet to proue,
Whether loue lead fortune, or else fortune loue:
The great man downe, you marke his fauourite flies,

Ham. That's
wormwood.

The

Prince of Denmarke.

The poore aduanced makes friends of enemies,
And hethertoo doth loue on fortune tend,
For who not needs, shall neuer lack a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
That our deuices still are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,
So thinke thou wilt no second husband wed,
But dy thy thoughts when thy first Lord is dead.

Quee. Nor earth to me giue food, nor heauen light,
Sport and repose lock from me day and night,
To desperation turne my trust and hope,
And Anchors cheere in prison be my scope,
Each opposute that blanks the face of ioy,
Meet what I would haue well, and it destroy,
Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,
If once I be a widdow, euer I be wife.

Ham. If she should
break it now.

King. Tis deeply sworne, sweet leaue me heare a while,
My spirits grow dull and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep,

Quee. Sleep rock thy brain,
And neuer come mischance betwixt vs twain

Exeunt.

Ham. Maddam, how like you this Play?

Quee. The Lady doth protest too much me thinks.

Ham. O but she'll keep her word.

King. Haue you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but iest, poison in iest, no offence in't.

King. What do you call the Play? (world.

Ham. The Mouse; rap, mary how tropically, this Play is the
Image of a murder done in *Fienna*, *Gonzago* is the Dukes name,
his wife *Baptista*, you shall see anon, tis a knauish piece of work,
but what of that? your Maiesty and we shall haue free soules, it
touches vs not, let the gauled Iade winch, our withers are vn-
wring. This is one *Lucianus*, Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus.

Oph. You are as good as a *Chorus* my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your loue

If